

Bell's Vireo and the Sandhill Crane in New Hampshire. — Mr. Ned Dearborn of Durham, New Hampshire, has kindly given me permission to publish the following interesting notes:—

BELL'S VIREO (*Vireo belli*). On November 19, 1897, Mr. Dearborn was driving along a country road in Durham when his attention was attracted by a small bird which was hopping actively about among some poison ivy vines that had overrun a stone wall. As it looked unfamiliar he shot it. I have since examined it carefully and it proves to be a perfectly typical example of *V. belli*, a species not hitherto reported, I believe, from any part of New England.

SANDHILL CRANE (*Grus mexicana*). Mr. Dearborn tells me that he has recently purchased a Sandhill Crane of Mr. J. S. Turner, a taxidermist at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, who asserts that the bird was killed at Lovell's Pond, Wakefield, New Hampshire, in either 1896 or 1897, and brought to him in the flesh in fresh condition, but he has forgotten the name of the man who shot it nor can he remember the exact date. Mr. Turner has lived in Portsmouth many years and bears an excellent local reputation for reliability of statement. The specimen is mounted and was still encased in winding cotton, with the neck-wire projecting uncut through the top of the head, when Mr. Dearborn first saw it. With the Bell's Vireo above mentioned it is now preserved in the collection of the State Agricultural College at Durham. There are, as far as I can ascertain, no previous records of the occurrence of the Sandhill Crane in New Hampshire during the past century, although Belknap, writing in 1792 (Hist. N. H., III, 1792, p. 169) mentions it without comment in his list of the birds of that State. — WILLIAM BREWSTER, *Cambridge, Mass.*

Bachman's Warbler (*Helminthophila bachmanii*) Rediscovered near Charleston, South Carolina.— I am pleased to announce the capture of an adult male of this interesting Warbler, by myself, near the village of Mount Pleasant, S. C., on the morning of May 15, 1901. I heard the song of what I was almost sure was a Parula Warbler singing lazily, and out of mere curiosity I went to locate the singer. I found the singer near the top of a sweet gum, but was unable to identify him positively as the morning was dark and cloudy. He flew from his perch to the low bushes, which formed the dense undergrowth, and was so restless and active that I could scarcely follow him except by the incessant song which he uttered at the rate of fifteen times a minute. At last I had a plain view of him as he sat upon a dead pine twig with his breast towards me, when I realized that it was the bird I had been looking for in this State for eighteen years. There was no mistake, as it was not the first Bachman's Warbler I had ever seen or shot. I watched the bird closely for thirteen minutes as I was sure his mate was setting or building a nest near at hand, as he kept singing in one locality and did not wander far off, but the temptation was too great to lose such a rare prize and I fired and killed the first Bach-